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# Recruiting Songs

*To*  
*THE SPIRIT OF '76*



# Recruiting Songs

BY

TEMPLE SCOTT



H. S. NICHOLS, <sup>INC.</sup>

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## THE CALL

(Address of the President of the United States, delivered at a Joint Session of the two Houses of Congress, April 2, 1917)

Not yet for us the Victor Hours,  
Nor the joy of high deeds done;  
'Tis by sorrow's heavenly powers  
Our peace we gain, our race run.

Hear the call for our redemption,  
Set in speech of golden word;  
Offering, without exemption,  
Every free man Freedom's sword.

Blade unsullied, steel of rightness,  
Ever drawn in Freedom's cause,  
Flash once more in all thy brightness,  
For our faith in honor's laws.

By neutral bonds no longer bound,  
By perfidy base betrayed,  
We take our stand on holy ground,  
Take the road our fathers laid.

Sons of America, born of sires  
Bred in Freedom's native place,  
Bathe your hearts in the cleansing fires  
Of this war's redeeming grace.

So shall you live fullness of days,  
So shall you grow in Right's pride,  
So shall your children tread the ways  
Where honor and truth abide.

Grace of spirit's high emotion  
Shine from faces worn with pain;  
Glory of brave hearts' devotion  
Light the way our souls to gain.

## THE OLD CALL

Monadnock Hill's a lyre,  
Alleghany's peaks are fire,  
From Yukon's crags to Whitney's Mount,  
From the Rio Grande to Niagara's fount,  
Hearts are beating higher.

For the word is passed to gird  
The sword, to smite the herd  
Of savage Huns and tyrants' slaves,  
The faithless souls and lying knaves  
Bereft of Freedom's word:

Raise the strip'd flag on high,  
Reset with stars the sky,  
So France's men and Britain's men  
Shall see and shall take heart again;  
Man's freedom shall not die.

'Tis the old shot you hear,  
Once more the call is clear;  
The call that rang, the shot that sung  
The world's new song the world among,  
Of Liberty so dear.

Strong indeed is the sword,  
Yet stronger is the word;  
But sword must slay and gun must kill  
Ere the word's meaning shall fulfill  
God's message to be heard.

God and People are one  
When Freedom's work is done.  
Then lift the heart and bend the knee,  
With gun in hand, shoot straight and see  
The tyrant's race is run.



Gather, boys of the States!  
Gather, and stake your fates.  
From Vermont hills to Texas plains,  
From Sable cape to Blanco's rains  
And Frisco's Golden Gates

Raise the strip'd flag on high,  
Reset with stars the sky,  
That the world may see and the world know  
God's above while true men are below,  
And Freedom shall not die.

## FIGHT AS YOUR GRANDSIRES FOUGHT

Why are you hiding, you men of the towns?

Why do you skulk in your dens?

Are you content to sell life for mere crowns,

And scratch out your souls with pens?

Shall markets and money dry up your hearts?

Shall country and freedom mean nought?

God helps those alone who play their brave parts

And fight as their grandsires fought.

The bugle's clear call resounds through the land,

For free men, true, staunch and brave,

'Tis the call for redemption; stay not your hand,

God's children have souls to save.

Democracy's children in New World and Old,

United shall live by Liberty taught,

And the tale in the days to come shall be told,

Of the fight *their* grandsires fought.

Come from your borders, bold hearts of the States,  
    Raise Liberty's flag in the dawn.  
Come from your hillsides, your marts, and your gates,  
    For now is a new day born.  
Earth is aflame with base passion's desire,  
    Consuming all souls by tyranny caught:  
Be swift to enlist, oh, ye men who aspire  
    To fight as your grandsires fought.

Black horror 'gainst Belgium has veil'd God's face  
    In shame, by perfidy made;  
The sweet light of life has gone from their place,  
    And France in ruin is laid.  
Oh, sons of the light, dare ye stay at the sight,  
    Rememb'ring the deeds your forefathers wrought?  
Unsheathe the bright sword that of old struck for right,  
    And fight as your grandsires fought!

Stop not for word of command to arrive,  
Free men in honor are born;  
Honor commands you for honor to strive,  
Holding all dangers in scorn.  
Old Glory's your flag, and freedom the prize,  
Healing all hearts with God's spirit fraught;  
And the light of His truth shall shine in your eyes,  
When you fight as your grandsires fought.

## WAKE UP, WAKE UP, AMERICA!

Wake up, wake up, America!  
Sons of Lexington, wake!  
Base kings are wading in passion's mire,  
Rank tyrants are big with Hell's desire,  
Your honor is at stake.

Wake up, wake up, America!  
Rise from your quicksand bed,  
Cast aside the cloak of gold's base lie,  
Put on the armor of impulse high,  
Resolved, by God's love led.

Wake up, wake up, America!  
Hark to the thunder sound!  
'Tis the cannon's chant of Freedom's song—  
Right's pealing anthem against Might's wrong,  
From France's sacred ground.

Wake up, wake up, America!  
The despot dares his word:  
"Dominion or Death," his outlaw cry.  
Fling back in his teeth your scorn's reply:  
"Death to the Vandal herd!"

Wake up, wake up, America!  
Once more embattled stand.  
Our captain's message is calling wide;  
Sons of our fathers, rise in their pride,  
Follow the old command.

Wake up, wake up, America!  
So shall the day soon break,  
When the flag of peace shall fly the breeze,  
O'er every land and the free high seas,  
And man his glory make.

## BLOW, BUGLER, BLOW!

Blow, bugler, blow!

Earth's freedom's dawn is breaking.

Blow, bugler, blow!

The despot's heart is quaking.

Our druggèd sleep is over, the waiting time is gone.

Oh, long have we been hoping for a soul where soul was none;

But now we know the traitor foe, and with God's blessing won,

We shall march to the fight in the morning.

Blow, bugler, blow!

The East sends West life's greeting.

Blow, bugler, blow!

Hands across seas are meeting.

From Rocky Mounts to Ural's heights Freedom's road is laid,

From Puget Sound to Archangel's sea Freedom's bridge is made;

A glad new world is rising 'gainst the tyrant's might arrayed;

And we march to the fight in the morning.

Blow, bugler, blow!  
Give Democracy's clear sign.  
Blow, bugler, blow!  
Call out the swinging line.  
Call from New England's hillsides, down the Mohawk's vales,  
Call from Penna's cities and Mississippi's dales;  
Call from Nebraska's prairies; ring them down to New York's sails.  
They shall ride to the fight in the morning.

Blow, bugler, blow!  
God's sun in smiles is beaming.  
Blow, bugler, blow!  
Joy's tears from eyes are streaming.  
'Tis the day of our redemption, the fulfilment of our creed,  
And the children of our fathers shall make good *their* word in deed.  
By the New World's singing bullets shall the Old World's life be freed.  
Ho! we sail for the fight in the morning.



## THE CALL OF THE SEA

Bastions of steel,  
Steady on keel,  
Encircle our land with your grey iron wall.  
Lads of the main,  
Hark, to the strain;  
Your captain has sounded the battle's call.  
Then heave away, my hearties, heave away!  
Haul the flag aloft,  
In the breezes let her waft;  
The Stars and Stripes have something now to say.

Up from the waves,  
Rise from their graves  
Faces of loved ones by treachery slain.  
Boys of the sea,  
Sons of the free,  
Can you see them unmoved? Come they in vain?  
O, heave away, my hearties, heave away!  
Man the cages' tops,  
Push and drive them through the chops,  
Avenging ships shall ride the seas to-day.  
Traitors shall die  
Who dare deny  
The sea's free highway, their own ends to gain.  
Bo'sun, pipe hands,  
Your cap'n commands  
Clear decks for action and turret-guns train;

So heave away, my hearties, heave away!  
Fling the steel nets wide,  
Cast them free to ocean's tide,  
We sail to fish for pirate sharks to-day.

Guns make ready,  
Keep eyes steady  
To starboard and larboard, astern and fore.  
See you a shark,  
Quick let them bark,  
Douse the sneak's glim and he'll fight you no more.  
So clear away, my hearties, clear away!  
The shark foe below  
Dares not rise, his face to show,  
Send him down to Davy Jones his game to play.

Come in your worth,  
Salt sons of earth,  
Stand by your captain, your own souls to save.  
Coward his part,  
Crookèd his heart,  
Who follows not swift where the Stars and Stripes wave.  
So come away, my hearties, come away!  
Rally round the flag,  
Unstained by fear or brag,  
Acquit yourselves like sailors true this day.

## THE VOICE OF CANADA

THE following are extracts from a letter to his father, written on June 30th, by Private B. S. Taylor, a member of the staff of the Union Bank of Canada, Winnipeg. Private Taylor joined the 44th Battalion in June, 1915, went overseas in October, 1915, was drafted to reinforce another battalion, and fell in action while advancing with the Canadians at Courcellette on October 3rd last. He is buried at Courcellette:

“Speaking of troubles, I think that at once brings one to the very point of everything. The Canadians in France have a high standard of courage and bravery. I consider myself as brave as the average—probably no braver, but as brave. I consider myself as intelligent as the average Canadian—and probably not more so. For that reason I think my thoughts and views at present are a fair sample of the thoughts and views held at present by the average Canadian soldier. We are here fighting for an ideal. We are not here for glory. There is no glory in slaying a fellow-man—a fellow-creature created in God’s image. We are not here for fun or our amusement. There is no fun or amusement in modern warfare. We are here fighting for peace, for the fellowship of man in its fullest meaning—for the equal rights of the weak both for men and for nations. When I joined the Canadian Army I did so after a careful survey of the question from all sides and angles. I will not mention now the causes of the war; they are too well known to need repeating; sufficient that Canada and the Allies are right, and my duty lay, as a Christian and a gentleman, to try and do what I

could, as well as I could, to help bring the war to a successful conclusion. And the big idea I want to impress on you is that if it is my lot to die, I am satisfied. 'Is life so dear as to be purchased at the price of slavery?' said Patrick Henry. 'In what cause could man die better than that of principle?' Yes, it is really a privilege to help in this great cause, and if necessary die for it. If I lived to be a thousand years old, I could never spend my life in a better way than in sacrificing it for the same principles as those involved in the present war. And that, I am satisfied, is the view held by the great majority of Canadians here."

By the fitful flare of the flame's faint light  
In the trench's damp 'mid the night's drear wind,  
Companioned with courage we crouch and write  
To the loved ones at home we left behind.

Here at the edge of life's precipice sheer,  
For with dawn will come the call for the "drive,"  
Here with our hearts unstained by fear,  
We make our confession the soul to thrive:

Not for the glory nor yet the bright fame,  
Come we to slay men in God's image made;  
Those hearts are unfaithful to God's high name  
That beat responsive where ruin is laid.

Fame is a bubble with which fools may play,  
A tale that is told, then forgotten quite;  
Glory's a candle that burns for a day,  
Lighting one moment a century's night.

'Tis for Right we fight, in kind peace to live,  
For Freedom founded in fellowship sure;  
One king alone shall our homage receive,  
The God whose high thought lives in all hearts pure.

Be few our years or a thousand in length,  
No higher aim can our clear souls find:  
Than dedicate life, in its pride and strength,  
To Peace that is founded in Liberty kind.

Fast in this faith our forefathers taught,  
Embattled we stand 'gainst militant's might;  
Content to die so we do as they wrought  
For the high cause of humanity's right.

O, bright Star of Freedom, lighten our way,  
Dissolve the darkness of craven fears born:  
So shall Might's tyranny break with the day,  
So shall Right's victory rise with the dawn.



## CANADA'S ANSWER

Frontenac's height is flaming bright,  
Ontario's hills are beacons of fire,  
Toronto's spires are spears of light,  
Canada's men are a singing choir.  
For England, our mother, has sent the word wide,  
Her children to muster and stand by her side.

Calgary's horsemen stamp the plain,  
Calling the shepherds from stations far,  
Winnipeg city is chanting the strain  
Of the song of the God of Rights' War.  
O, mother of freemen, swift, swift, shall we ride,  
Your boys of the prairies to bring to your side.

Strong and staunch of the North-West born,  
From lonely cabin and wood-camp high,  
Swiftly and silent step through the dawn  
They who for Freedom dare gladly die.  
For England, their mother, in Liberty's pride,  
Has called them to come and to fight by her side.

From Montreal city on high,  
To Saskatchewan's wheat-sown wide plain;  
From Labrador pearled 'neath the sky,  
To Vancouver's blue town by the main,  
Our Land's heart, dear mother, beats time to the stride  
Of your children who march to fight by your side.

Not for fame nor glory's bright star  
Come we, O mother, our lives to give;  
Our star is Peace, for Freedom our war,  
That men in man's fellowship sure may live.  
Thus, mother England, thus you taught us in pride,  
Thus your call we answer and fight by your side.

## COURCELETTE

OCTOBER 3, 1916

A little mound of brown caked earth,  
A rain-stain'd wooden cross  
Mark all that's left of a hero's worth  
And a living woman's loss.

Somewhere at home she's dreaming,  
Hoping, 'gainst hope, forlorn,  
Of her lover's face a-gleaming  
In the light of fight new-born.

Somewhere a heart is breaking  
For a soldier shot and dead;  
Somewhere a hand is taking  
A rose from his earthy bed.

Someone a flower is bringing,  
With words of her hero's worth,  
And praise of a soldier singing,  
Who sleeps in his bed of earth.

A little flower of bloody red,  
In a woman's trembling hand,  
Is all she clasps of her soldier dead  
Somewhere in France's land.

Little flower from that place of death,  
Rare rose from the field of pain,  
O, heal her heart with thy heart's breath:  
In thee shall he live again.

## A PRAYER

O, God of nations, hear our prayer,  
Thy spirit's power our leaders lend;  
Inspire our thoughts to visions fair,  
And to earth's peoples Thy grace send;  
For the hope of Thy law's right,  
In the joy of Thy love's might.

Our compass lost, our sky unstarred,  
We follow blind by false lights led;  
Though tempest-tossed and battle-scarred  
We still aspire Thy way to tread,  
By Thy Freedom's law to hold,  
In Thy love our future fold.

Grant us, O Lord, Thy wisdom clear  
And strength of soul Thy truth to know;  
That out of our afflictions drear  
We rise again and upward grow  
To the peace of Thy law's right,  
By the joy of Thy love's might.

O, Thou high God of Truth and Right,  
Through this our night of hopelessness,  
Lead us by Thy redeeming light  
That we may see our worthiness  
The standard of Thy law to keep,  
The harvest of Thy love to reap.

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